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Pope Benedict XV to the Christian World

To the Catholic world:

Raised to the Chair of Blessed Peter, though knowing well our unworthiness for so high an office, we bowed down with all reverence before the hidden will of Divine Providence which has raised our humble person to so high a dignity. If indeed, while no merit of ours fits us for so high a favor, we seem to have undertaken with confidence the administration of the Supreme Pontificate, we accept the charge solely through trust in Divine goodness, not for a moment doubting that He Who has laid on us this heaviest burden will grant us the needed help and strength.

But when we look from this apostolic height towards the Lord's flock committed to our care, we are filled with horror and inexpressible grief by the sight of this war through which so great a part of Europe is reddened with Christian blood and devastated by fire and sword. From the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, whose place we hold in the government of the Church, we have this very duty, that we embrace with the bowels of paternal love all the lambs and sheep of His flock. Inasmuch, then, as, from the example of the Lord Himself, we must be—as indeed we are—ready to give even our life for their salvation, we are firmly and deliberately determined to leave nothing that is in our power undone to hasten the end of so great a calamity.

Now, therefore—even before we address Encyclical Letters to all the Bishops, as is the established custom of the Roman Pontiffs at the beginning of their pontificate—we cannot refrain from repeating the last words of our most saintly predecessor, Pius X., worthy of immortal memory, spoken on his death-bed at the first thunder of war, from his apostolic solicitude and love of the human race. Wherefore, while we ourselves will be suppliant before God with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, we exhort and pray all children of the Church, particularly those in holy orders, as our predecessor exhorted and urged them, that they insistently, in all ways possible, whether privately in humble prayer or publicly with solemn supplications, implore God, the Arbiter and Ruler of all things, that mindful of his pity He may put away this scourge of wrath with which He exacts of the people penance for their sins. And may you be assisted

and protected in your common prayers by the Virgin Mother of God, whose most blessed nativity, celebrated this very day, has shone out like a dawn-light of peace on an afflicted world—the Virgin who was to give birth to Him in whom the Eternal Father willed to reconcile all things, making peace through the blood of His cross both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven. (Colos., 1:20).

But those who rule the affairs of people we urgently implore and conjure that they now endeavor to forget all their own discords for the sake of the salvation of human society; that they consider that already there is enough misery and trouble in the life of men without rendering it for a long time more miserable and troubled; that they be satisfied with the ruin already wrought, the human blood already shed; that they initiate councils of peace and reconcile themselves. For thus will they truly deserve well of God and of their own peoples and will be benefactors of the civil consort of the nations. And for us who at this, the very beginning of our apostolic office, see grave troubles in the terrible disorganization of all things, let them know that they will be doing a thing most pleasing to us and one which from all our heart we desire.

Given from the Vatican on the eighth day of September, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year 1914.

BENEDICT PP. XV.

A CORDE MARIAE.

"Heart of Mary, be my home
Through the toilsome years to come.
Few or many let them be;
So I live them all in thee.

"Be my chapel when I pray;
Be my altar day by day;
Be my recollection sweet,
My perpetual retreat."

SELECTED.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, MAINE, Oct. 5, 1914.

A Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the deceased Bishops and Priests of the Diocese of Portland will be offered in the Cathedral at Portland on Thursday, Nov. 5th.

The Priests of the Diocese are hereby respectfully notified of their obligation to offer one Mass during November, and are requested to have this Mass on the above date and to urge the grateful assistance of the people, so that in every Parish Church of the Diocese there may be a beautiful exemplification of the Catholic devotion for the deceased Bishops and Priests, who have labored from the beginning in the Diocese of Portland.

Yours Sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR SEPTEMBER

1—Mr. George A. Quimby organist at the Cathedral since April 1882, resigned and is succeeded by Mr. Edward Whelan from Boston.

Thursday, 3—At noon news received that Cardinal Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna, was elected Pope this morning and took the name of Benedict XV. Bells in the Cathedral announced the news and a Te Deum was sung in the evening.

5—Sisters of Ste. Chretienne, a French Community of Nuns, came to take charge of the new Catholic School at Rumford and en route visited the Bishop.

Sunday, 6—The Holy Father Pope Benedict XV, solemnly crowned in the Sistine Chapel at Rome—The Bishop sent the following tribute by cable: "May it please the Holy Father Pope Benedict XV, crowned and exalted today by Almighty God and the Church, to give His Apostolic Blessing to the people, clergy and Bishop of the Diocese of Portland, who humbly pledge their love and devotion to Him"—The reply came in due season from Cardinal Ferrata as follows: "The Holy Father, accepting the tribute of love, devotion and faithful service, sends a heartfelt Blessing to the Bishop, clergy and faithful of the Diocese of Portland."

Bishop spoke at the Cathedral and at St. Dominic's on Catholic education and parish schools. In the afternoon gave a conference to Sisters of Mercy on the School work for the coming years.

8—Anniversary of the Dedication of the Cathedral in 1869—Catholic Schools open in Portland, special High Mass for all Children.—St. John Baptist School opened at Rumford, opened in charge of Sisters.

14—General State Election—Hon. Charles L. Donahue of Portland elected Judge of Probate for

Cumberland County, the first Catholic to hold that office.—Several other Catholics elected to the Legislature and to County or State Offices —St. Mary's new Catholic School opened in Augusta with 116 children.

15—Visit to Gardiner in connection with new Church to be built.

17—Visit to Biddeford, St. Andrew's Church in connection with plans for a new Convent.

Sunday, 20—At Orono, Rt. Rev. Bishop preached at two Masses, administered Confirmation in the afternoon and blessed the new Bell in the evening. His Excellency Gov. Haines and Staff present in the evening and several other distinguished guests.

21—Train from Bangor to Bar Harbor—Annual Retreat of the Clergy opened at 7 P. M. in St. Sauveur Hotel, conducted by Rev. John Corbett, S. J., and followed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and 88 priests of the Diocese—continued to Friday at 10 A. M.

24—New St. Joseph's Home for Old Ladies, Locust St., Portland opened and the old ladies came in from Deering.

25—Retreat closed and all priests departed during the day—Bishop visited Northeast Harbor to inspect the property.

26—Bishop went to Bangor and made a visit to Oldtown and Orono during the afternoon.

Sunday, 27—Bishop preached at St. Mary's, Bangor, on Catholic education, administered Confirmation in the afternoon.

28—Visit to South Brewer and St. John's, Bangor.—Short visit to Waterville and Gardiner en route to Portland.

30—Rev. L. G. Baudin of St. Mary's, Lewiston, left to take his place in the army in France.

NOTES: All over the Diocese the Catholic Schools were opened during the month; two new ones, at Rumford and Augusta, and reports from all are satisfactory and promising.

Pere Jean

For the third time that evening, good Madame Latour stood hesitating at the door of her master's room. Not as on the two former occasions, did she now content herself with a disapproving shake of her head, but, urged by the sight of the still untasted supper knocked loudly—there was no response.

"Humph, that letter!" murmured Madame Latour, and then, advanced to the priest's side. He started and for a moment his eyes wore a far-away look, then they rested kindly on the portly figure of his housekeeper beside him.

"Ah, it is you, Madame Latour!" he said smiling as he folded the letter before him, "do you want anything?"

"I want you to eat your supper, Monsieur le Curé," she answered, with the respectful familiarity to which her twenty years of service fairly entitled her .

"Ah, true, I had forgotten, "he answered—then with a glance at the humble repast—"somehow, I am not hungry this evening."

"Now this will not do at all, "his housekeeper expostulated. "You have had a tiring day, Père Jean, and tomorrow will be the first Friday, and everyone says you are looking ill—and they will say I starve you—and I do my best, but what can I do?" Madame Latour paused from sheer lack of breath, when the Curé said soothingly "My child, the trouble is you spoil me. No one can say you do not and that is all you will have to answer for. There, perhaps after all I am hungry," he added, drawing his chair to the table.

Somewhat appeased, the good woman withdrew, but she paused for a moment at the doorway to remark, somewhat interrogatively, "Your letter contained good news I trust, Peré Jean?"

"Yes, yes, the best of news," answered the Curé eagerly. "It is from my friend the missionary in China of whom you have heard me speak. He is now in a wild part of the country; where the natives are cruel and uncivilized, and hate missionaries bitterly. At any moment he may be put to death! By a singular good fortune he met a party of English travellers who promised to forward this letter from Pekin—otherwise I should not have had it."

"And you say *that* is good news!" cried the housekeeper.

"Yes, the best of news," answered the priest, and there was a joyful ring in his voice, "the best of news, for then indeed the glorious crown of martyrdom will be his."

With a wondering look the housekeeper withdrew, shutting the door softly.

The priest poured out a cup of the coffee upon which Madame Latour justly prided herself, but he could not taste it nor the morsel of cold toast he broke off. Pushing back his chair he arose, walked over to the window and stood looking at the country scene without.

How fair it looked in the sunset glow with the first buds of spring on the trees and the uplands green with the soft grass. Before him lay the little village of Sainte Barbe with its cluster of houses along the one winding street, and a few more dotted here and there on the hillsides.

Sainte Barbe was a poor parish, and the little dwellings were for the most part wooden cabins, whitewashed or gaily painted, and each with a tiny patch of garden. But here and there was a house of stone and mortar landmarks of the old French Régime, and relics of the days when it had been a trading post.

Yet, like many other settlements it was now "off the road," and though older, it was in reality far behind St. Clovis, which could boast of a thriving creamery and a cheese factory. The inhabitants of Sainte Barbe were in no wise envious of their more progressive neighbors, but were content to eke out their modest existence by dint of hard labor on a not too productive soil. Though money might be scarce food was always plentiful, and the woods yielded ample fuel to keep the fire blazing merrily even in the poorest cottage during the long, cold winter. So they were satisfied with their lot, for aught we may say, knowing a rarer and truer happiness that is always to be found among the poor, and how seldom among the rich.

For their saintly old Curé they had the deepest veneration. He was their guide and adviser, and the mediator in all their petty disputes.

The notary and doctor who formed with him the village aristocracy were wont to complain laughingly that their advice or prescription was referred to the Curé before it was followed.

Some of the older inhabitants remembered when half a century before he had come to Staine Barbe—a young man with an earnest youthful face, and a kindly manner which had at once endeared him to them all. "Monsieur le Curé," had seemed too grave a title, so his people had got into the way of calling him "Père Jean," and "Père Jean," he had remained ever since through the years that had silvered his hair, and brought a stoop to his tall form.

The sunset glow had faded and there was a chill in the evening air, but still the old priest stood motionless by the window. The letter tightly clasped in his hand had awakened a far-away past, and memories, long forgotten, now rose unbidden.

Once again they were college boys, Edward and he, and his eyes grew dim or bright at the recollection of some prank or punishment shared together. They had been different even then; Edward, quick and impetuous and with a persuasive eloquence, which had made him a leader among the other boys,—himself quiet, almost timid, now following, now restraining the friend he loved dearly. Unlike in character, they were united by a deep, generous aection such as is formed in early youth, when the heart is fresh and loving, and which often remains unchanged amid the doubts and disillusionments of age.

The dream of each had been to become missionaries, and side by side to labor for God's glory in a pagan land. Then had followed, after a few peaceful years at the Seminary, that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had received ordination.

Soon after it seemed as if their dearest wish was to be realized, for an earnest appeal came for missionaries to China, and they had eagerly offered themselves. Then had come a disappointment, so keen and so bitter that even now, after fifty years, the memory of it came back with intense vividness. Edward was granted the coveted permission, while to himself after he had made his plea, and answered a few searching questions, the bishop had said, "My son, this is not the life intended for you; God has chosen you for a different work, none the less His because it is different."

A day later the friends parted; Edward, whose joy was overshadowed by the other's pain went to China and he, Jean, to Sainte Barbe.

There had followed for the missionary a life of hardship and labor. The very qualities which had distinguished him at college stood him well now. The fame of his teaching spread afar, and he untiringly preached, converted and baptized.

Once in a while a letter would come to his friend in the little village and the Curé would read it with joy and pride. If there was still a longing in his heart for other fields he was unconscious of it, for he had determined to devote all his energies to the little flock intrusted to his care.

How peacefully the years had passed for him he reflected now. There was scarcely a ripple to mark one decade from another.

He had seen the children grow up and marry and have children of their own. He had stood by the bedside of his "older children" when fearful of the Unknown lying darkly at hand, yet humbly trustful that all would be well, they would plead—"Pray for me, Père Jean," and he stood by the new-made grave in the little hill-side cemetery until the last clod fell on the rough-hewn coffin, and he knew that another traveller starting on his homeward journey had gone not unprepared. What kindly folks he dwelt among, so considerate for his comfort, so careful to avoid whatever might give him pain. There was, however, an

exception. He could sow see a tiny thread of smoke rising above a small unpainted cabin which stood away from the other houses. A solitary man lived there who spoke to no one, and was unloved by all.

Years before when a lad he had gone away to the city, and obtained a good position in a mill. Quick and nimble, his promotion had been rapid, until one day there had been an accident which maimed him for life, and he had come back to Sainte Barbe a cripple.

The kindly folks who had known him from infancy had come with their offerings of aid and sympathy, and were sorely hurt and puzzled when he curtly refused both, and took possession of a deserted cattage, where he lived no one knew how.

Something besides the cruel accident had changed the light-hearted lad into a soured man, something had entered his heart like steel and rankled there.

The older folks thouyht of him pitingly. The little children named him "le Crache," and ran to their mothers when his crooked form came in sight, for was not a man who never went to church, and who avoided their good Curé, only a degree removed from the Evil One himself.

"Le Crache" seemed indifferent to people's opinion regarding him and became, if possible, more bitter and silent as time passed.

The priest sighed as he thought of his "black sheep" and of his futile efforts to win him back again. Then his eyes left the fast darkening scene and sought his own little room.

Continued in November Number

A Reverse of Positions.

It was in a provincial barracks in France. A young recruit recently enlisted, a professed socialist and atheist, was declaiming against religion, God, and authority of all kinds.

"And the Blessed Virgin?" said one of his hearers, "What have you to say of her?"

The youthful reprobate answered with a slur. As he did so, an old trooper, who had not been regarded as a very fervent Catholic, and who just then was apparently lost in a heavy doze, suddenly sprang to his feet, siezed the young rascal by the throat, and, while giving him a vigorous and prolonged shaking, ejaculated: "As for society and all the rest of it, have it your own way. But about the Blessed Virgin, you scapegrace, not a word,—do you hear? *I take her under my protection,* I learned that from my own good mother."

TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

"The boldest steer," the poet says, "but where their ports invite;"
And into vast unknowns thou went where seas were dark as night.
But God was at the helm, Great Soul, and steered thy destined prow
Across the wrathful billows to a land that loves thee now.
A messenger of faith wert thou, not moved by greed of gold;
In steadfast hope, alone, secure—a saint, if truth were told.
For thee a Star shone o'er the deep with sweetly constant light,
The Ocean Star of smiling calm, with heaven's halo bright.
And morning, noon, and night arose thy noble soul in prayer,
With "Aves" to the Guide whose name thy stately ship did bear.
A Christopher in truth wert thou, and bearer of the Cross,
And thine the lot of chosen souls who sift the gold from dross.
Be thine the crown that merit wins within the Port of Rest,
Where shines thy Star, as Queen, above thy new discovered West.

O. L. V.

THE COST

"All trembling is the meadow;
All crimson is the rill,
The dead lie in the valley;
The dead lie on the hill.
And one side is the victor,
The other side has lost—
The women of those peoples
Are counting up the cost.

E. L. S.

Editorials

ST. DAVID'S MADAWASKA.

We call the attention of our readers to the illustrations accompanying this issue of our Diocesan magazine, which show the evident development of the Church in the northern part of our State inhabited largely by the descendants of the famed Acadian people about whom our New England poet, Longfellow has so beautifully written in his poem "Evangeline."

The Catholic Acadians who have made such sacrifices for the maintenance of their holy faith, have today many flourishing parishes along the northern borders of our Diocese, and remain true to their glorious traditions, by taking an interested and prominent part in the upbuilding of the Church, wherever situated in our State of Maine. We are pleased to have the opportunity of showing both the new and the old in this issue of our magazine, that the progress made by this devoted portion of our Catholic people may be more and more in evidence.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The Diocesan Clergy were this year favored by beautiful weather during the days of their annual retreat which was held at Bar Harbor. Even though at times a trifle warm, yet on the whole, it proved one of the pleasantest of our recent annual retreats. The instructions given by the Rev. John Corbett S. J., former editor of the messenger of the Sacred Heart, showed deep thought, and were suggestive of many helpful ideas towards the maintenance and upbuilding of one's spiritual life.

We were pleased to note the beginnings of the Catholic school in this famed Summer resort, and to observe the work of the good Sisters of Mercy carrying on their classes in one of the old summer hotels while awaiting the completions of a very attractive school house now in process of erection. It is indeed appropriate to have on a spot so early sanctified by the mysteries of the Faith, such a substantial church, school, and rectory, all largely made possible by the unstinted generosity of our good summer's visitors, and the untiring energy of their devoted pastor.

A RECENT NOMINATION.

An event worthy of record, is the recent appointment of a member of one of our old Catholic families to an important position.

President Wilson's selection of the Hon. John B. Madigan, Houlton, Maine, as members of the International Boundary Commission, has according to common consent been a wise choice. Living on the extreme eastern boundary of the United States, with his acknowledged legal ability, Mr. Madigan would seem to be an ideal man for the position.

Descended from an old Damariscotta family which came to Maine in the early days, when members of the Church were few, and their talents for the most part unrecognized, Mr. Madigan's people nevertheless held the even tenor of their ways, always loyal and steadfast in their faith through the varying fortunes of Holy Mother Church in our State. His Father the Hon. J. C. Madigan, late of Houlton was a leader in the Church and State affairs of his day, and is yet remembered for his sterling qualities, hence the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine takes pleasure in congratulating his distinguished son one of the worthy Vice Presidents of the Maine Catholic Historical Society on this present recognition so well deserved. The Hon. Edward Kavenaugh was one of the Commissioners from Maine on the settlement of the Northeastern boundary in 1842.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

The introduction of the automobile into common use should prove a great blessing to our issolated Catholic families that chance to live at a distance from their parish or mission church. The great question heretofore has been one of transportation in which distances frequently rendered their attending services one of great difficulty if not altogether impossible. Should their means now permit their owning an automobile, it would seem that they should do so, if for no other reason than to comply with their religious duties, for where in the olden time this might mean a journey of two days or so, one can now cover the same distance on Sunday morning and still arrive in season for mass.

A great boon it certainly is for the priest who is charged with the responsibility of distant families whose means may not permit their enjoying modern conveyances. Formerly a distance of fifteen miles or so would preclude the possibility or duplicating, although we know of incidences where a priest has been known to drive here in Maine forty miles between masses with a team. With an automobile this distance does not re-

quire any great effort, especially when accompanied with good luck and a fair road.

Then there are many of our parishes that have quite a few families living at distances varying from ten to forty or more miles from home all of whom may be visited once or twice a year without causing any great inconvenience.

The introduction of the telephone has brought many families nearer to the church in as much as they may readily call on their priest in the hour of need. It is then a question for him to reach their house and bring them the consolations of our holy religion which would not otherwise be possible.

We believe the automobile a necessity at present for any priest who wishes to keep in touch with his distant parishioners at all times, but particularly when they may suddenly need his services; hence we believe that while the ownership of an automobile may be a source of annoyance and anxiety to many a good pastor's over-sensitive parishioners, his well wishers and constant supporters will easily see in it a means of rendering his ministry more useful, universal, and fruitful.

MEXICAN CATHOLIC CONDITIONS.

We can not help thinking that Bishop Shremb's pointed allusion in his sermon in the Cathedral at Baltimore before the delegates of the 13th annual Convention of Federated Catholic societies, and the vigorous set of resolutions drafted and presented by this notable gathering to the American Government, calling their attention to the lamentable situation to which our fellow Caholics have been reduced in this so called Southern Republic, were well taken and should certainly have careful consideration on the part of a Government largely responsible existing conditions.

For months shocking reports have been appearing in our Southern exchanges of the awful afflictions being heaped on hapless Christian men and women simply and purely because they represent the cause of virtue, law, and order.

We have seen the shameful accusations lodged against them by these blood-thirsty villains to justify their vile purposes, appear under large and striking headlines in our daily papers which have given these evil reports unaccompanied as they have been by a single iota of evidence, prominent positions even on their front pages usually reserved for the stirring news of the day.

This would indeed be startling news for the American people, generally disposed to be fair and just towards the great Mother

Church of the world as they term her, were they accompanied with proofs. No newspaper man of any standing would for a moment think of publishing similar accusations against any of his local Catholic friends however much he might dislike them, if the reports came to his office by way of innuendoes, anonymously and without any proof. Why then should any man of standing seek to throw such things into print as soon as possible when at most, even granting they might be true a fact yet to be proven, they can serve no good purpose, and must consequently tend to pull down instead of building up.

If any editor wishes to take up a question of this nature, why does he not look over his Catholic exchanges and see what the duly established authority has to say about the matter at issue, before offering such questionable matter to his patrons?

We note therefore with regret that while many of our American papers have been guilty on this point, we have yet to come across a single one that has given prominence to the admirable pastoral letter recently issued by the Episcopate of afflicted Catholic Mexico, placing this important matter in a far different light than that given us by our overzealous, irresponsible and thoughtless American news gatherers.

CONFIDO.

Often from the thorns of self-denial
  Does the fairest rose of virtue spring;
But each darkly fierce and bitter trial
  Wealths of glorious merit to us bring.
For a Heavenly Hand the conflicts lighten,
And a Sacred Voice the outlooks brighten,
Then each passing struggle seems to heighten,
  All the heartfelt confidence we sing.

Calling on our Lord at each endeavor
  For the strength our timid hearts have known,
In His love and might we'll trust forever,
  For He never fails to help His own.
Far and wide we see His Mercy shining,
With the cares of life close intertwining,
And we feel His Sacred Fire refining
  Every heart that throbs for Him alone.

"LYRIA."

Blessing of a Bell at Orono

The beautiful Church of St. Mary of the Assumption received its crown on Sunday evening, September 20th, 1914, when, to complete this noble edifice, a handsome bell, the gift of Mr. James M. McNulty, a former parishioner, was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., bishop of Portland assisted by the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy P. R., the Rev. P. J. Garrity P. R. and the Rev. Thomas H. Moriarty, Bangor, the Rev. Martin C. Clary, Old Town, who acted as master of ceremonies, and the Rev. J. M. Harrington, Orono.

The occasion was honored with the presence of His Excellency Wm. T. Haines, Governor of Maine, accompanied by his staff, and graced by members of the legislative and judicial body, as well as by representative men of the legal, medical and educational professions. In the audience, which was too large for the spacious auditorium were the mayors of Bangor and Old Town, the municipal members of the town, the sheriff elect of the county, the State Auditor and distinguished men from nearly every walk in life. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was met at the Rectory by the visiting clergymen and, headed by the Orono Band and children dressed in white, marched to the church, the band playing sacred music without, and the organ within, taking up the refrain as the procession entered. All knelt to receive the Bishop's blessing, whilst the Chief Executive of the State stood, to pay his respects the chief Executive of the Church in the State as he entered the sanctuary.

Before the ceremonies began, the pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. J. M. Harrington delivered the following address:

"I welcome to this church tonight, the highest representatives in the State of both the Ecclesiastical and civil authority—the Bishop and the Governor.

"I welcome the executive, the legislative and the judicial. Happy Combination of power and thrice happy blending of civil and religious authority—each distinct, each respecting the other, yet united in spirit, in friendliness and brotherly love. Glorious Republic where such can exist! I also welcome the medical, the legal and the educational professions; the military officers, the chief magistrates of the neighboring cities, the municipal officers of the town and the successful business men of the County. To these and to all distinguished visitors and to all present, I extend my greeting and my deepest appreciation for their presence.

"Rt. Rev. Bishop, Your Excellency, and brethren, we are told in the scriptures that God has spoken to us in many ways; that innumerable voices ever sound His praises—celestial and terrestrial. The stars which shine in the firmament, the azure of the heavens, the awe-inspiring thunder-bolt, the trenchant lightning flash, and the destructive cyclone,—all speak of God.

"The eternal snow-capped peaks, the ever onward flowing mighty rivers, the restless boundless oceans, sing His majesty. The foliage of the trees, the beautiful flowers—surpassing Solomon in all his glory—the preacher's voice, the feeling of remorse, the whisperings of conscience, all these have a meaning for attentive souls—all these are the voices of God.

"But, to all these voices, religion has added another—that of the sacred bell, which, precisely for that reason, is purified, consecrated, perfumed with incense because, invested as it is with a lofty ministry, it is the herald of the voice of God and speaks of Him to us in all the circumstances of our lives.

"It rings us from the cradle to the grave, from our baptism to our last unction. It is forever giving forth the signal for prayer, the announcement of the Lord's day, the hours of sacrifice, vesper, and Benediction.

"It is the faithful guard on the watch-tower that rings the call to duty, until the time comes when its mournful sound tolls the knell of a departed spirit. Then it calls the faithful to pay the last tribute of respect to a deceased brother and invites them to pray and to hope that the Christian Soul be transported on the wings of angels to Paradise.

"It alone speaks to heaven as to earth, as the organ is the expression of public worship within the temple, the bell, from its tower, is the voice of reverence resounding in the temple of the universe. There it swings, heaving its noble swells, its music, travelling on the wings of the winds, carried on the waves of time to the confines of eternity. But this bell, which the Rt. Rev. Bishop is about to bless, marks the beginning of a new era in Orono. Your church is now complete. Tonight will witness the crowning of this noble edifice which has been raised, not by the gifts of the rich but by the pennies of the poor. It has cost you many sacrifices and me untold labor—a stately structure which will pass to generations as an honor to you, an ornament to the town, and, when I am laid low and perhaps forgotten, a monument, at least, to my memory.

"Those who will come after, can look upon a church property in all its beauty unsurpassed, yes, unequalled in this broad land, considering the size of this village and the size of this parish—the envy of many and the admiration of all.

"However, this is only an insignificant unit of that grand old Mother Church that has passed down centuries, forming an extraordinary exception to the laws of universal change.

"Despite persecutions from without and treachery from within, whilst Kingdoms have risen and fallen, whilst empires have changed and republics have decayed, she has persisted in her existence from Peter to Benedict—a span of nearly two thousand years, without a link missing in the apostolic chain or her vitality impaired.

"The present head of this grand and great old church, which has spanned centuries and continents and numbers hundreds of millions of subjects, can look down from the windows of the vatican on the slender marble needle of St. Peter's court—the same shaft that saw the martyrs die in the time of Nero, now crowned with the cross instead of the Eagle, as in the days of pagan Rome, and can exultingly quote the words written on its granite pedestal—"Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat".—Christ Conquers, Christ rules, Christ Commands.

"But to return to Orono, may the voice of this bell be one of sweetness to you as it is borne aloft through the air, striking the wooded slopes of the surrounding hills and re-echoing back again through the valley and along the banks of the beautiful Penobscot where the Catholic Orono led his braves to battle, reminding you in the fields, in the mills, in the homes, in the schools, if possible, that God, from His sanctuary is ever watching over you and calling you, in spirit, not to forget Him in prayer and adoration.

"Heaven grant that this voice may be hearkened to with fruit by the good, and call, into the ways of the Lord, the erring who condemn it because it surprises them in their wickedness, and obstinate though they are, invites them to repentance.

"May this bell swing in its belfry many years to come and send out its rhythmic tones of gladness calling from heaven a blessing on the donor, on those whose names are inscribed thereon, on all who hear its voice, and inviting us all to the worship of the one true God in the one true faith and to a happy union with him hereafter, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord."

After the address, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, assisted by the above named priests, blessed the bell which was tastily decorated with cut flowers and many-colored ribbons which extended along the center aisle and which were held in the hands of the following sponsors whose names are written in the archives of the parish and will go down in history: Wm. Depray and wife, John Grady and wife, Wm. Green and wife, Paul Hachey and wife, Thomas Healy and wife, Martin Kelley and wife, John Mitchell and wife, Wm. Major and wife, John McCoullough and wife, Daniel McDougall and wife, Michael Ronan and wife, Fred St. Peter and wife, Frank Sullivan and wife, Richard Sullivan and wife, George Willett and wife, Hugh Clancy and wife, Nelson Budway and mother, Michael Kenney and daughter,

Eugene Sullivan and Miss Margaret Flatley, Lenwood Kelley and sister.

After the blessing the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a highly instructive discourse, a summary of which herewith follows:—

He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to welcome His Excellency Governor Haines to the ceremony and wished the authorities of our great State, executive, legislative and judicial to feel that they may always count upon the influence of the Catholic Church to maintain stability for all legitimate authority. He then explained, briefly, the ceremony of the Blessing or Baptism of the Bell, simple, clear and beautiful in its symbolism.

"Th Church used the psalms, holy water, holy oil and holy incense in this as in so many other of her noble liturgical rites and thus consecrated the Bell to be as it were, a personality, a real preacher to all within the range of its sweet sounds. Holy water is the sign and symbol of cleansing, of purity: holy oil is the symbol of strength and holy incense the symbolic expression of prayer ascending to Heaven.

Thus the Bell is to be the pure, strong and prayerful voice of the Church, and, in that sense, the new Bell of St. Mary's Church, named and baptised "St. James" is to preach and speak to all the people on this hill-top and valley along the Penobscot.

On Sunday morn it will send forth its pure strong voice, saying: Come to Church, come to worship God, the duty of every living human soul.

Three times a day, at early morn, at noon and even-song, it will impersonate the Angel chanting the mystery of the Incarnation and Redemption of man to an all too busy world.

Whenever a new born child is baptised and then consecrated as a true christian, the Bell should send forth its message of joy and triumph. When the valiant young man and woman stand before the altar to join hearts and hands for the creation of a new home, the Bell will speak forth its praise and proclaim, as it were, the joy of two consecrated hearts.

When a soul is approaching the tragic hour of passage from time to eternity and the Blessed Lord is being borne to sanctify and fortify the human soul in its last battle on earth, the Bell has a tone to let all the people know, and thus secure their sympathy and prayer for the dying christian soldier.

When the last hour has come and gone and the silent body is being borne to the Church and thence to its restful place of sleep, the Bell tolls the prayer of requiem and thus again stir the hearts and lips of the friends of the dead.

How truly then may it be a real effective personality and preacher to all the people in this beautiful town of Orono.

It is to be the voice of Holy Mother Church, proclaiming aloud and to all, the mission of the Church among the people; to the Catholics, reminding them of their sacred solemn duty as

Christians and Catholics; to the multitude of non-Catholic friends, that the doors of this sacred Temple are open and her own arms spread wide to embrace all, for, however much the Church was misunderstood and perhaps maligned in the past, she feels now that the civic authorities and all outside her fold are ready and prompt to recognize her merit and great power for good in the realms of religion, morality, charity and education."

The Bishop then referred to the beautiful property of St. Mary's parish, almost free from debt, as a crown given by Catholics to Orono as well as to the Church, and praised the magnificent Bell as a most appropriate gift from one generous soul.

He again thanked all for their presence, hoped and prayed that the Lord would bless all within the sound of the Bell, and that the Bell itself might be always and for all a true symbol and noble preacher of purity, strength and prayer, thus contributing to the honor of the Church and the glory of God.

At the conclusion of the Bishop's remarks, the "Tantum Ergo" and Salutaris were rendered by the choir with organ and orchestral accompaniment, and when Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given, the Rt. Rev. Bishop tolled the bell followed by the Governor, the Pastor, the Sponsors and many of the congregation. On the outside of the bell is the following in raised letters: "Presented by James M. McNulty in memory of his parents, The Rt. Rev. Louis T. Walsh, D. D., being bishop of Portland, the Hon. Wm. T. Haines, Governor of Maine and the Rev. John M. Harrington, Pastor of Orono. The organ pealed forth once more, the Band played a joyous martial air, the parishioners returned to their homes with joy in their hearts and blessings on their lips for the generous donor of so magnificent a gift which crowned their church free of debt and thus ended the 20th of September, 1914, long to be remembered by all present and to go down as a red letter day in the Annals of St. Mary of the Assumption.

ORONO.

National Conference of Catholic Charities

It was on Sunday morning September 20, 1914, that this important gathering assembled at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., to consider the many needs constantly before our Catholic people, and the best methods of relief. Great questions of Social work, Benevolent aid to deserving poor, timely assistance to the afflicted, the advantages of coöperation among our various Charitable and kindred societies, were during the continuation of the Convention carefully discussed, numerous valuable suggestions being offered by which our united Charitable works may be rendered more lasting and effective.

The motives and ideals of true Christian charity were beautifully placed before the delegated by the Bishop of Matanzas, Cuba, the Rt. Rev. Charles Warren Currier in an eloquent sermon drawn from the text, "I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also," words taken from the holy Gospel according to St. John, chap. XIII., v. 15.

In his discourse lasting over an hour the Rt. Rev. Bishop developed the fundamental ideas of Charity, showing how it should always proceed from a supernatural motive which when fully realized renders our charitable works practical and unselfish.

In explaining the foundation, results, and consolations of true charity, Bishop Currier said in part:

"Love men," said the right reverend preacher, "not because they attract you, not because they are good to you, not because you expect to get anything out of them, not because their qualities are lovable; but love them because they are the image of God, because when the Almighty looks down from on high, He sees His own divine perfections mirrored in those souls. Love them because they are God's photographs, God's portraits, God's images. Love them because Jesus Christ loved them and died for them. Love them because you are sailing in the same ship with them, going on to the waters of eternity.

"It is the supernatural love that God expects from you. Supernatural love and a supernatural motive, my dear friends of this conference, should color all your efforts.

"Do not work for the poor, do not work for the children, do not work for the aged, do not work for the immigrants; do not

embrace all these within your charity because they are according to your inclination, because you expect men to praise you, because you like to see your name in the newspapers, or because you expect earthly rewards. Love men and embrace them all, because all mankind is the child of God, and every child of man is destined to that place to which we are all traveling. At no time and at no place should this supernatural charity manifest itself more than in this time of war.

"Entering into the spirit of the Preseident of the United States, let us be neutral, not with the don't-care kind of neutrality, not with an indiffer neutrality, but with the neutrality of love. Unfortunate, misguided people are fighting, but that is no reason why we should draw the sword on one side or the other. They are our brethren, whether they do right or do wrong. They may be misguided, but the great mantle of charity should fall upon them and should embrace them all, and we should do whatever we can, from an intellectual, physical and moral standpoint, in order to help them and raise them up by our charity.

"If your charity is thus supernatural, it will become practical. It will not be the charity merely of thought or word. It will be the charity of deed, as the charity of Christ was. When the Omnipotent looked down from the heavens and saw how mankind was running on to perdition, did He content Himself with merely pitying their situation and wishing that it might be helped? No. He opened the door of His mercy. He unlocked the treasures of His grace; He came Himself. He did not send an angel to do the work; He came Himself, the good Samaritan, and He descended down into the mire to raise man up. That is what Jesus Christ did, and that is what every Christ-loving soul will try to do.

"Ah, dear friends, when Christianity arose above this darkened world and charity entered into the hearts of men, then we began to see it practiced, for every need was met by the Church and Rome, the capital of the Christian world, became the most charitable spot on earth. There was not a need that was not met by some charitable institution. The charitable institutions of Rome were not organized charity. They all began from human initiative. They were not business charities. They were the charity that came from a superabundant heart, full of love, and that originated from individuals. So we find through the history of the Church a charity that has cast its influence over the whole world, Catholic and Protestant, meeting the needs of the children, meeting the needs of the aged, meeting the needs of the sick, expressing itself in all the corporal work of mercy.

"Glory be to those self-sacrificing men and women who are quite willing to give up everything for the souls of men, those religious women of the hospitals and the battlefields, who go without the hope of any earthly reward, nameless—Sister Mary,

Sister Jane, Sister Margaret—having left their family names behind them in obscurity, giving their all for Christ.

"And now there comes rolling over my soul a wave of indignation. Were I to give way to it, I would say: 'God Almighty, hurl Thy thunderbolts upon them from the highest heavens; let the fire consume those sacrilegious men who dare to lay a hand upon Thy sanctuary and contaminate the spouses of Christ in nations not far from here.' Ah! but spake I thus, I should not know the spirit that ought to be within me. I should rather say: 'No' God have mercy! Jesus have mercy! Have mercy upon this miserable sin-stained world that knows not Thee, that knows not charity. Thy justice shall find them out, and the day of reckoning is at hand; but, oh God, temper Thy justice by Thy mercy.'

"Meanwhile let us enter into that spirit that animates the priesthood and the religious orders of the Church and endeavor to render our charity practical in thought by thinking well of all; in word, by speaking well of all, and in deed by never allowing an opportunity to pass of practicing that Godlike virtue of charity, even if in order to do so we should have to place ourselves in the background and make a sacrifice, for true Christian charity is self-sacrificing, as the charity of Jesus Christ was."

A Phase of Summer School.

The Sisters of Mary, St. Joseph's Convent, Portland, Me., spent a part of their summer study under the direction of Miss Mary C. Mellyn of Boston, Supervisor of the Boston Normal Training School for Teachers.

Those were delightful days and passed all too quickly for the lessons in Educational Psychology and Methodology were certainly practical and inspiring.

Apart from her splendid equipment of information and experience, Miss Mellyn possesses a personal charm of manner and sympathetic attitude as a teacher, that produces the fine exemplar and model for young teachers. The Sisters are looking forward to another series of those much appreciated lessons.

Thirteenth Annual Convention of Catholic Societies

Especially deserving of note, was that great representative gathering of Catholic American Citizens assembled in convention at Baltimore during the closing day of the past September. From all over the United States delegates had been sent to take part in the annual deliberations of the Catholic Federation on the great questions of the day, in as much as they concern the welfare of our Church and Country. There were two phases to this great gathering, namely the deliberative and the demonstrative, the one to take under consideration the issues of supreme moment not only to Catholics but to all the citizens of our Country irrespective of race or creed, the other to place in evidence the fruits of the Church's teachings in the noble body of Catholic manhood now gathered in the monumental city.

The first exterior demonstration was in the historic Cathedral of Baltimore around which cluster so many memories of the past, where the Catholic American Church has so frequently met in council, from which so many inspirations to heroic deeds have gone forth to the uttermost bounds of our Country. To this time-honored sanctuary, on Sunday morning September 7th, come the delegates of many Catholic societies to assist at the offering of the eternal sacrifice. There were in attendance dignitaries from different parts of the United States, heads of religious orders, bishops of far away dioceses, superiors of seminaries, etc., the lawyer, the doctor, the man of commerce, the captain of industry one and all to kneel in humble adoration and to ask the Divine blessing on their deliberations.

On a scarlet throne to the left of an altar at which so many eminent Fathers of the Church have offered sacrifice, sat the aged Primate of the Catholic American Church, so long a careful guiding spirit in her destinies, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.

The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Bishop Shembs of Toledo, who began his eloquent discourse by making a timely reference to the Mother Church of America, to the sainted Bishop Carroll the venerated father of the Catholic Church in the United States, to Maryland as the "cradle of religious liberty," to the liberality of Washington towards Catholics closing with the touching allusion to the Venerable Cardinal, saying "Gladly we have come to this sacred shrine of religious life and this sanctuary of civil and religious liberty to gather new

strength and courage for the upholding of those sacred principles. In the spirit of reverent love we will sit at the feet of Your Eminence who during your long life has shown so well how to couple unswerving religious fidelity with such rare gentleness of character and patriotic devotion as to hold the undivided admiration and the hearty love of American citizens of all classes without distinction of race or creed."

Taking for his text the love of God and the love of our neighbor, Bishop Shremps entering into his sermon called attention to the condition of the Church in the neighboring Republic of Mexico, giving a vivid picture of the indignities heaped on defenseless priests and nuns, the desecration of churches, and the profanation of things most sacred. In vain do we look for that wave of public opinion in protest so common on other and even lesser occasions. Why is the press of our country so eloquent in behalf of the oppressed Russian Jew, or the American missionary held in Turkey for ransome, silent in presence of the awful afflictions visited upon thousands of innocent victims in nearby Mexico, whose only crime is their religion?

Leaving this question so well put to the careful consideration of all fair minded people, the Bishop then proceeded to outline the aim and purposes of the great Catholic Federation.

"The Catholic Federation of America which you represent is a mighty body of earnest men and women who fearlessly declare before the world the great principles of their religion and translate them into living actions. It is a great Catholic movement, which sounds a responsive chord in the heart of the Catholic community and answers to the urgent need of the hour. Wherever you see the Church doing its best work, reaching into the lives of men to fill them with blessings, you find her strongly organized; wherever, on the other hand, you behold Catholic life dormant, the Church struck to the ground bleeding from a thousand wounds, you behold a spectacle of an apathetic Catholicism.

It is the Providential lot of the Church that in all ages she is confronted by mighty enemies. Tremendous forces are allied against her. Against these she must fight. It is true she holds the Divine promise, "I am with you all days," and that other promise, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her," but her children must do their share. Individuals and families, yes, even whole nations, may lose the faith because they fail in their duty to uphold it. I am merely stating what must be evident to every man of sense that Catholic interests demand the formation of a great organization which will embrace and gather together all the forces for the promotion and defense of those interests wherever they are unjustly attacked by anti-Catholic or non-Catholic forces; an organization which will unite individuals and parishes without destroying the individuality of either; an organization which will feed and nourish all associations

within, and in turn be fed by them; an organization which will demand no more than what is implied by the word "Catholic;" an organization which will hold no distinction of race or language, sex or party; an organization, in fine, which everywhere and at all times will uphold the standard of Christ's divine revelation and think and move and act in harmony with the Church as the pulse beats in harmony with the heart. That is the meaning of the Catholic Federation.

No one who has the true interests of all the agencies for good at heart will need fear or look askance at the Catholic Federation.

Catholic Federation is a union for defense rather than for defiance. Its work is constructive, not destructive. It is willing to work in harmony with any agency that makes for the public welfare. It may not, indeed, allow itself to be swallowed up by any or every body of so-called reformers, nor go all the length of their programme. The federation is not a vehicle for fads put forth by irresponsible reformers. It is extremely conservative and holds fast to the fixed and eternal principles of morality and truth given to us by our Blessed Master, Who alone dared to say to a world sunk deep in misery and sin, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

Its platform is a bold declaration of principles which alone can save society. Its programme is a vast one. It appeals and makes for the preservation of the home, the sacredness of the marriage tie, without which this world would be speedily turned into a vast brothel. This comes with good grace from her who through the ages upheld the sanctity of the marriage and staked her all in defense of the home.

It works for the diffusion of Christian principles and the education of youth. This also comes with good grace from that Church which in these United States pays out more than fifty million a year for the cause of Christian education.

It reaches out into the field of human suffering in every form, blessing it with Christian charity. No one is exempted from its loving care—the wayward, the fallen, the criminal—to all it reaches out a helping hand, bringing the influence of religion to bear on their reformation. It is not cold-hearted humanitarianism, but warm-hearted Divine charity that the Church brings to the task of human reformation. In an ode recently published by a poet convict, he declared that the greatest working force for the reclamation of his fellow-convicts was the Catholic chaplain. They all realized that he had not merely words, but a heart for them.

The Church faces the great social and economic questions, bringing the dictates of justice to the preservation of human

rights, be they those of the laborer or those of the employer. It addresses itself to the great agencies that make for the formation of public opinion, public conscience and public morality—the press and the stage. Thus in every field of human endeavor the federation stands ready to do its full share towards the promotion of human happiness.

The specific purpose of the federation, however, is the protection of Catholic rights, refutation of vile slander and calumny, the extirpation of religious hatred and bigotry and the spread of Catholic truth. What a vast and splendid field! What a glorious programme! Ought it not to enlist, I will not say the warmest sympathy, no, the earnest, heartfelt, yes, the enthusiastic coöperation of every Catholic layman? Too long have you been content to let the priests and a few devoted women attend to the religious work of the Church. It is high time for every Catholic to take this stand in the serried hosts of the mighty army of truth and to give the best that is in him, not merely a paltry offering, no, no, but himself, heart and soul. This is the call of the federation.

The aim and purpose, then, of federation is to dispel ignorance and prejudice against Catholic belief, to refute calumnies and misrepresentation, to place in its true light the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the social and economic problems of the day, and to oppose a united front against the evils that menace morality and seek to undermine the foundation of society. Our duty is aptly put in the words of the poet:

The triumphs we won?
'Twas a task begun,
First page of an unwrit' story;

God's given us work,
And we dare not shirk,
Let His be the praise and glory.

The battles we fought,
They will count for nought
If we waste what God has given.

Masters of men,
We must learn again,
They may not be brought and driven.

His lesson to-day?
We must watch and pray
That He Who sent us the glory

May grant us the grace,
The time and the place
To finish the unwrit' story.

At the close of the Pontifical High Mass, before imparting the Papal Benediction so freely accorded the Convention by the Holy Father, Cardinal Gibbons in a few aptly chosen words welcomed the delegates, speaking to them somewhat at length on his two voyages to Europe the past Summer, drawing a vivid contrast between the scenes witnessed on the occasion of each visit. "I have traveled," continued the Cardinal," more than 25,000 miles in the past summer, and in that time I have witnessed scenes that gladdened me and scenes that made me sad and heart-heavy. When I first went to Europe in the spring I traveled over many smiling lands. I admired the great temples and the great monuments. I admired the fields promising their great harvest of food for the world and wealth for the farmer. I admired the spirit of the people, happy and contented, looking to the future with hope and confidence, fearing nothing. There were family groups that delighted the hearts—the husband and wife, with their children gathered around them and feeling that they would end their days by the fireside in peace and in the love of those they loved. I had the honor on that first trip to be invited by the king of Belgium to take dinner with him in his palace. He little realized then, that happy monarch, the evils that were to come upon his country.

"How changed was the scene the second time. Hostile troops, great armies of destruction occupy the fields where had been sown the seeds to raise the food that was to sustain life. These armies were gathered to crush out life. The flowers and the fields were drenched with fratricidal blood. I must call this conflict fratricidal becase we are all brothers. They who are fighting today are fighting against those whose hands they should be clasping in all affection. You who have not been upon the scenes can never realize the horrors of this war. Yau may conjure it up in fancy, but in this particular case fancy falls far short of the terrible work. Reality can only tell the story.

"It is not those who are at the front fighting the battles of their country who suffer the most. They have the excitement to buoy them up, the flash and clash of battle to make them forget the terrors, the cries of patriotism to urge them on, glory and honor of a nation to inspire them. It was in the homes that I saw the worst marks of the conflict. There I saw the mother and the father, the wife, the sister, the daughter and the son waiting with anguished face for the news of death of him whom they loved, whom they would never see again.

"When I looked upon those scenes I prayed that God would ever guide the counsels of those who rule our nation. I prayed that they would forever tread the paths of peace and that our country should ever remain smiling and prosperous. You, my friends of the federation, pray to this end. Pray for wisdom in your deliberations that you may be guided by the principles of truth and justice. Way your deliberations be attended with prudence. May you prove in the future as you have in the past that you are loyal sons of the Church, loyal sons of the nations."

At a civic reception accorded the delegates, Monday evening, many touching tributes were paid the honored guest of the occasion, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Bidding the members of the Convention welcome in the name of the State, His Excellency, Governor Goldsborough took advantage of the opportunity of testifying in a few well chosen words the esteem in which the Commonwealth of Maryland held the Cardinal "as a man of deeply religious fervor, a man of real democracy and simplicity; with charity for all, and with his devotion to his country indelibly stamped on the life he has lived for so many years before the eyes of the nation."

His honor, Mayor Preston, followed with similar remarks equally complimentary in behalf of the city of Baltimore.

The evening's exercises closed with the presentation of the Delegates to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Tuesday afternoon, a great public demonstration was given in honor of the Convention. Some 30,000 people marched in procession 16 abreast past the Cathedral where they were reviewed by the Cardinal, visiting and other Church dignitaries, Governor Goldsborough and Mayor Preston.

Tuesday evening brought the public exercises to a close with a magnificent concert in whch representatives from the Catholic choirs of Baltimore took part.

The State of Maryland, the City of Baltimore and her Catholic population thus gave a whole soul welcome to the delegates of the great Catholic American Federation leaving nothing undone to render their stay a most pleasant one.

The success of the occasion depended largely on the organizer of the various exercises, the Rt. Rev. William A. Fletcher, D. D., Rector of the Cathedral, who left nothing undone in his effort to render the stay of the Convention most agreeable thus enabling its members to carry to their homes lasting and happy remembrances of their visit to the Primatial See of the Catholic Church in the United States.

RESOLUTIONS PRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

While the deliberations of the Federation of Catholic Societies covered many questions of supreme importance to the well being of our country one of the best results of their careful discussions was the drafting of a set of resolutions protesting against existing conditions of Catholics in Mexico, and the use of the United States Mails for the distribution of vile, false, and malicious attacks on the Catholic Church and her devoted children. The excellent presentation of these two great questions was addressed in the following form to the President of the United States:

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.:

Your Excellency—We herewith respectfully convey to you, through the Rev. Richard Tierney, S. J., and Messrs. John Whalen and H. V. Cunningham, resolutions which were adopted at today's session of the thirteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and which resolutions read as follows:

Section 1. We denounce the outrages perpetrated against Bishops, priests and religious men and women in Mexico. Thousands have been robbed, tortured, exiled and in many instances brutally murdered, and some of these were American citizens. Religious women whose lives have been consecrated to the practice of every form of Christian charity were subjected to what is worse than death—to the brutal lust of an inhuman soldiery.

Section 2. We protest against the unexplainable silence of our public press concerning these well-authenticated outrages. This mighty power for the formation of public sentiment and opinion has often made appeals even in the case of individuals, as, for instance, the Russian Jew Beiliss, or Miss Stone, the Protestant missionary, who was held in captivity by Turkish bandits. The Mexican outrages have thus far been scarcely mentioned by the press.

Section 3. In the name of sacred religion, which has been ruthlessly attacked; in the name of pure womanhood, which has been shamefully outraged; in the name of humanity, whose fundamental rights have been violated; in the name of Christian civilization, which, being supplanted by a rule of rapine, lust and murder, we most earnestly appeal to our Government at Washington to do its utmost toward stopping this inhuman persecution of just men and women in Mexico.

Section 4. By reason of the Monroe Doctrine the civilized nations of the world look to the United States of America to

exercise its great power for the preservation and maintenance of the fundamental rights of mankind on the American Continent.

We, therefore, most earnestly urge upon the President of the United States not to recognize in Mexico any Government which does not effectively guarantee civil and religious liberty in the true sense of the word.

Whereas, Despite the continued objections of decent men, the privileges of the mails is still extended to obscene and scurrilous papers, injurious to the rights of conscience, as guaranteed by the Constitution, and destructive of sound morality:

Be it resolved, That the Federation of Catholic Societies protest against such abuse of the mails.

The gentlemen presenting the foregoing expression from the federation have been delegated to commend it to your earnest consideration, and to convey to you the kindest regards of this body.

We have the honor to remain, yours very truly,

CHARLES I. DENECHAUD, Pres.
ANTHONY MATRE, Secretary.

"The greatest fault among those who have a good will is that they wish to be something they can not be, and do not wish to be what they necessarily must be. They conceive desires to do great things, for which, perhaps no opportunity may ever come to them; and meantime, neglect little acts of virtue, such as bearing with the importunities and imperfections of their neighbors, not resenting an unpleasant word or a trifling injury, restraining an emotion of anger, mortifying some little affection, some ill-regulated desire to speak or to listen, excusing an indiscretion, or yielding to another in trifles. These are things to be done well; why not practice them?"

St. Davids Rectory St. David Me. 18.

Souvenirs of a Great Festival at St. David, Maine

The new church of St. David, Me., was solemnly dedicated on September 3rd, 1913. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, through courtesy towards the Pastor and the parisioners of St. David, and as a token of appreciation of their good work, sang a Pontifical Mass, having for assistants the Rev. M. Thouvenin, S. M., superior of St. Mary's college, Van Buren, Me., as assistant-priest: the Rev. J. Marcoux, of Eagle Lake, and Rev. J. J. Mc-

St. David's, Madawaska—The Old Church.

Ginnis, of Sanford, as deacons of honor: the Revs. A. M. Décary of Fort Kent, and George Pettit of Fort Fairfield as Deacon of the Mass. The Revs. G. A. Joncas, then assistant at Fort Kent, and Alcim Cyr, S. M., were masters of ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were The Right Reverend T. F. Barry, Bishop of Chatham,, N. B., The Reverends Hart and J. Thibault, of Chatham, Conway, of Edmunston, N. B., E. Etenaud and R. Bourbeau of St. Agatha, Me., Bérubé of Clair, N. B., Robichaud, of St. Ann's N. B., Archambault, O. P., of Lewiston, Forest of St. Francis' Plantation, Hogan of Caribou, Pelletier of Sheridan, Laventure of Daigle, Pihan of Wallagrass, Jannisson, S. M. of Lille, Chambord, S. M. and Chauve, S. M., of St. Brono's Church, Van Buren, Renaud of Presque Isle, Cul-

bert of Benedicta, Bergeron of Frenchville, Bower S. M., Bovy S. M., Capesius S. M., Pelletier S. M., of St. Mary's College, Van Buren, Winnen, S. M. M., superior of the "Pères de Marie," Dorval, Canada, and M. M. Martin and Michaud Seminarians of Edmundston, N. B., and the pastor of St. David, Rev. L. E. Huot.

The Rev. H. Gory, pastor of Notre Dame, Waterville, preached the sermon. At the end of the Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke to the congregation in both languages, giving words of praise for the work done. The decorations in the interior of the Church were beautiful. Father Pihan had charge of them and he received well deserved congratulations. After Mass a banquet was served by the Ladies of the parish, to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the Clergy and 300 guests from the neighboring parishes. The pastor took occasion then to express his thanks to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to the Clergy, and to his parishioners who have coöperated so generously in building the new Church, and he hopes that in a near future the church will be completed. The parish of St. David is one of the oldest parishes in the northern section of the state of Maine; the first church having been built in 1870 by the late Father Sweron, the pioneer priest of Madawaska. The location of the church occupies one of the most beautiful spots along the St. John river and the Madawaska valley: the grandeur of the scenery is unsurpassed.

In looking over the records of the parish, we read that the bells of the church were blessed by Rt. Rev. David Bacon, Bishop of Portland, in August 1872, giving at the same time to the church then in construction, the name of St. David, his patron saint. The first baptism was on March 5th, 1870: David Francis, son of Benoit Beaulieu and Sophie Cyr. Sponsors: Herman Sirois and Elizabeth Beaulieu.

The first marriage was on ? ? ? ? :Antoine Michaud and Marie St. Pierre: witnesses Peter St. Pierre and Arsène Michaud. The first burial: Virginie Ringuet, age 24, wife of Eloi Beaulieu. It may not be un-interesting to the readers of the Magazine to know the names of the different pastors, the first being the Rev. F. X. Trudel, now Monsignor Trudel, pastor of Old Town, from 1872 to 1875: Father Demars who died pastor of Somersworth, 1875-1876; Fr. Sweron, who died at Ste. Luce, 1876-80: he had several assistants, the last of these being Rev. John O'Dowd (1880) now pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Portland, Me.: Rev. H. Lessard, who died pastor of Nashua, N. H., 1880-81: Rev. E. Bernard, 1881-92: Rev. H. Gory, now pastor of Notre Dame, Waterville, 1892-99: Rev. E. Etenaud, 1899-1907: Rev. L. E. Huot, 1907.

As soon as the present incumbent took charge of the parish, his attention was called to the cemetery, which was in a very

St. James Cemetery, St. David

delapidated condition. Land has been bought to enlarge it, the grounds leveled, a new fence was built, and, in the center, a cemetery chapel was erected, where Mass is said at different times, an inducement for the parishioners to come and pray for their departed ones. Two years later a Calvary group was bought by the members of the Sacred Heart League, so that today, the cemetery of St. David is one of the finest along the St. John river. In 1911 work was started on the foundation of the new church. The sum of $1,200.00 was asked for the excavation: the parishioners, under the direction of the pastor did the work themselves, thus saving a great amount of money to the parish. The contractors Ed. Cyr and Co., of Waterville Me., set to work on Sept. 18, finishing on Oct. 27, their contract being $3,749.00. This sum having been paid for, the same year, work was started on building the new church, on June 12, 1912, plans having been drawn by M. M. Chickering and O'Connell of Boston, Mass., the contractors being F. F. Moreau and Co., of Lewiston, Me., with Irénée Cyr of Fort Kent for the wood work and roofing: the amount for the whole contract being $23,579.00.

Work was done by November 10: on November 6 the Rt. Rev. Bishop and M. T. G. O'Connell came to St. David, and after careful examination of the building, praised the contractors for their efficient work, admiring at the same time the beauty of the edifice. In June the work of tearing down the old church was started on, and on June 8, 1913, Mass was said for the first time, by the pastor, in the new church.

DRAUGHTS FROM THE SAVIOUR'S FOUNTAINS.

Draughts from the Saviour's Fountains,
  Flowing from Hills above,
Rills from the Holy Mountains,
  Pledges of God's dear love.

Wounds that are pleading mercy,
  Waters that glide apace,
Draughts for the soul's deep thirsting
  For purity and grace.

Lo! from His Heart's deep center
  Well the Eternal Springs,—
Cup with the Wine of Heaven
  Life to the sinner brings.

Earthward in care and sorrow,
  Worldings, with joys so fleet,
Pass on their weary journey,
  Near to those Waters Sweet.

Voices of Love are calling
  "Children of toil and pain,
Let not those Living Fountains
  Be poured for you in vain."

Lyria.

The Catholic Church in Maine

PENTAGOET 1611-1635.

The natural beauties of Penobscot Bay, its broad and reefless water, the noble "assemblage of Savages," the cordial reception on the part of Betsabes and his people, were all carefully considered and reported by Father Biard to his friend and patroness the marquise de Guercheville with the advice that Pentegoet be chosen as the site of their future Catholic colony. During the long and dreary winter of 1611 the two Jesuit confrères at Port Royal, Peter Biard and Enemond Massé doubtless discussed the disadvantages of their present situation and cast longing eyes towards the promising site on the banks of the Penobscot. In addition to their written reports, the coming of the Jesuit lay brother, Gilbert du Thet in the Summer of 1612 enabled them to explain in detail their plans, and to thus convey to Madame de Guercheville, a completer idea of the situation that could be done by letter. Brother du Thet returned to France in the fall of 1612 and placed the matter before the Madame with the result that the de la Saussaye expedition was equipped and sent out the following spring. But while awaiting the advent of this event, we are naturally led to speculate as to whether Father Biard again visited Pentegoet or not. We remember his hospitable reception in the early days of November 1611, and may well reason that he often wished to renew his friendly intercourse with the well disposed Savages at Pentegoet. Possibly he may have been able to do so during the Summer of 1612, but of this fact we have no record. We can only surmise that he most certainly would have done so had he found any opportunity which we can hardly suppose was available in view of the strained relations then existing between the Jesuit fathers and the authorities at Port Royal. He may perhaps have accompanied some one of the many French trading or fishing vessels then frequenting our coast; if so, he did not deem it wise or necessary to record it. We have therefore to record that whatever hopes the zealous Biard may have entertained of happy and prosperous days at Pentegoet were forever dispelled by the settlement and destruction of St. Sauver in the summer of 1613.

We have no doubt that de la Saussaye fully intended to bring his expedition to Kadesquit or Pentegoet, had not the fatigues of a long journey, the murmurings of his crew, and the representations of Antiscou led him to settle at Fernald's Point Mt. Desert.

Should he have carried out the letter of his instructions and continued on to Penobscot Bay, the historian of today might perhaps have a far different story to record. The fell work of the "unscrupulous and grasping" Argall so soon to follow their landing in this sheltered cove obliges us to seek the trails of other missionaries for the next announcement of our holy Faith to the Indian children of the Penobscot.

But who was the first to take up the work of good Father Biard! Biencourt, Charles de la Tour, and other kindred spirits who clung to the varying fortunes of Port Royal even after its destruction in the closing months of 1613, doubtless continued to call at Pentegoet for trading purposes during the trying years of their stay in this old Acadian settlement; but there does not appear to have been any missionaries in this section of America, until 1619 when a band of Franciscan Recollects were given charge of the Acadian missions. They came this same year and erected their home and chapel on the St. John's River where they remained until 1624. From their chief station they journeyed forth in search of the wandering fisherman, the French trader, the adventurous coureur de bois, as well as the roving Savage wherever they found him willing to listen to the Divine message. From the St. John's they made the tedious trip to Quebec across the trackless wilderness of New Brunswick, Maine and Lower Canada whence they returned again to their cheerless task, only to be driven out by the English in 1628.

From Champlain's voyages, we learn that they were again at their post of duty in 1630. May not their wanderings in this their vast field, have taken them along the coast of Maine even to the Penobscot or Kennebec. May they not have again trodden the soil of Pentegoet to fraternize with Bethsabes and his many dusky warriors. However this may be, they were in 1633 recalled by Card. Richelieu, from the scene of their toilsome labors.

The capture of Quebec by the English July 19th 1629 doubtless retarded missionary labors among the Indians, for although the surrender took place three months after the proclamation of peace between France and England, yet it was only in 1632 that it was restored by the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-laye. In the meantime acting on the right of conquest, the English authorities encouraged by the French protestant Claude Turgis de La Tour were already planning for the colonization of Acadia. La Tour who had been captured by the English during the war, had been so well treated in England, that he had decided to enlist in their service.

After having married one of the young ladies of honor to Henriette de France, Queen of Great Britain, he was given the title of Barron of New Scotland which was to be the future

name of Acadia, on the soil of which it was decided that he should establish some Scotch colonies. For this purpose he was placed in command of two war vessels and a band of emigrants destined for Port Royal then under the command of his son Charles de La Tour.

On arriving before Fort St. Louis, Claude sought an interview with his son in which he called on him to surrender the fortress. He told him of his cordial reception in England, of the honors that had been bestowed on him, and spoke of the advantages that would be his, should he hand the fort over to the English, "in which case," said Claude, "I am authorized to leave you in command and to make you a barron of New Scotland."

Charles de La Tour met his father with the noble response. "It would be a mistake for any one to suppose that I would, even at the solicitation of my own father, be unfaithful to the trust reposed in me by my country. I will not accept what is offered me at the price of honor. I am deeply sensible of the favor which the King of England wishes to confer on me, but the King whom I serve is equally able to recompense me for my services. Should he forget me, I shall find my reward in my fidelity to duty. With my last breath I shall defend the post entrusted to my care."

Disappointed, Claude de La Tour returned to his ship whence he wrote a most tender and touching letter to his son but without effect: threats proved equally unavailing; he now determined on assault from which he was finally obliged to withdraw after two ineffectual attempts to carry the works by storm. Feeling that he could not well return to England, and knowing that he would be treated as he deserved in France he now decided to throw himself on the mercy of his son who taking pity on him, built him a home near the fort where he permitted him to remain in peace.

The news of this attack on their Acadian colony did not seem to have any effect on France now at peace with England; for a large part of her population had come to consider the vast territories of New France of little value. Her great prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu now took the matter in hand giving by his determination a new impetus to the conversion of the Savage to our holy Faith. Not specially favorable to the Recollects and Jesuits he nevertheless, while leaving the field open to them, decided to have the Capuchins of Paris take part in this great work.

That the difficulties encountered at Ste Croix and Port Royal might be avoided and New France spared the spectacle of religious controversies, he made it lawful for Catholics only to seek homes on her soil.

At Quebec, the heroic Champlain was again placed in command, while the Commander Isaac de Razilly was named gov-

ernor of Acadia. Sailing from d'Auray in Brittany July 4th 1632, with a force of three hundred men and three naval vessels, he reached Port Royal about the first of August. In passing along the South Eastern shore of the (Nova Scotian) peninsula, he was not slow in remarking the natural beauties of La Heve, its capatious harbor, etc. Razilly selected forthwith this charming spot for his future residence. He now proceeded to take possession of the entire country as far as Pemaquid in the present State of Maine. Razilly had with him as lieutenants, his cousin, Charles de Menou sieur d'Aulnay de Charnisay and Charles Saint-Etienne de La Tour.

Shortly following the conquest, the Plymouth Colony had established a trading post at Pentegoet which after the custom of the times was fortified. Here under Isaac Allerton they continued to traffic with the natives even after the place had according to the treaty of Saint-Germain been ceeded back to France. The members of the Plymouth Colony did not however long remain in peaceful possession after the Saint-Germain treaty was signed, for in the following June 1632, a French vessel appeared off the shore of Pentegoet. Allerton and most of his men being absent, the few in charge were obliged to surrender. The attacking party however soon departed taking whatever property they could find, leaving as a parting message for Allerton, "to remember the Isle of Re" referring thereby to the brilliant success of the French against the English some years before. The Plymouth Colonists nevertheless refused to take the hint, choosing to still remain. For three years longer their stay was prolonged until in the summer of 1635 a frigate under the command of d'Aulnay anchored off the port. A landing party from the vessel which was called L'Esperance en Dieu, soon landed and took possession in the name of the King of France after a short struggle. Indian trade was profitable and the Plymouth Colonists were the last to give up a desirable post without a supreme effort to retain it. Hence about a month afterwards they returned with armed vessels and a force of about two hundred men, accompanied by the famous Miles Standish, determined to retrieve their loss. For defence, D'Aulnay could summon only twenty-two soldiers. The siege which was evidently badly managed, lasted a month when after firing about twelve hundred cannon shots at the besieged as La Tour tells us, the attacking party withdrew leaving Pentegoet in the hands of the French.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Narantsouac 1653-1688.

While the Indians of Narantsouac were no longer able to rejoice in Father Druillette's presence among them yet many on the occasion of their frequent visits to Sillery partook of his kindly ministrations, and undoubtedly brought many a Christian message from the man they had learned to love so well to the aged and infirm among the palid huts along the Kennebec. Though for the present no regular missionary was assigned to this important field, we are nevertheless able to glean from the meager reports yet remaining that these faithful children of the Church were not entirely neglctd.

From the Relations of 1660 we learn that the Jesuit ministrations continued among the Anenaquis from time to time, choosing in all probability the Summer months when they were enabled to travel over a goodly portion of our extensive sea coast, visiting the various Indian villages then abounding on nearly every point of vantage from the Saco to the St. John's River.

These random visits however seem to have ceased after 1660 owing perhaps to the difficulties of the journey, and the constantly increasing demands on the Jesuit Fathers for the needs of the Canadian missions. Maurault in his history of the Abenaquis, p. 155 would seem to indicate that the constant warring of the Iroquois against the Algonquins, and their kindred races, obliged the Jesuits to abandon for a time their promising Abenaquis missions.

The road to Sillery had however become a familiar one for the Indians of the Kennebec who continued to frequent the Sanctuary of old St. Michael's where band after band came as the years passed by to comply with their religious duties, to renew their filial devotedness to holy mother Church e'er they returned to continue her apostolate among the Indian tribes of Maine. Thus as far as we are able to learn, the work went on from the Springtime of 1660 to the Summer of 1675. "Those who went each year to Sillery," says Bancroft, "were always edified by the charity and piety of the Sillery Christians," so much so that on their return they ceased not to tell their brethren of the marvels they had seen, thus bringing them to long for the faith which was working such wonders among their Canadian friends.

From the beginning Sillery had been an Algonquin mission about which the Jesuits fathers had endeavored to gather as many as possible of the Algonquin race to perfect them in the mysteries of the Catholic Faith. The evils of intemperance had however practically decimated the Algonquin nation for we read in a letter of the Superior of the Canadian missions, Father Beschefer to the Jesuit Provincial at Paris, "Sillery belongs to the Algonquins and was formerly made by them one of the most flourishing missions in Canada, but the evils of intemperance have made such frightful ravages among them as to leave hardly any of the tribe remaining." Another letter from Bishop St. Vallier confirms the testimony given by Father Beschefer as to the sad condition of the Algonquins who had proven unfaithful to the abundant graces which they had received. The moment was therefore opportune for the infusion of new blood for the renewal of the declining mission at Sillery, when on a certain day in May 1675, there came from out of the forest a band of thirty pagan Abenaquis warriors. Hunted by the English, nearly overcome by famine, they had come to knock at the gates of Sillery where in days gone by so much hospitality had been dispensed to other members of their nation. The remnants of the once glorious Algonquin tribe received them with open arms, and as Bishop St. Vallier says in his report on the then condition of the Church," they were adopted by the few remaining Algonquin families." "It would seem," writes the Jesuit superior in the same letter above quoted, "that Providence brought the Abenaquis here for the sole purpose of taking the places of the Algonquins" who having fallen from their former high estate, "had betaken themselves to the forests where they were leading scandalous lives. The ideals set before the people at Sillery were high: that a few should have been unfaithful, while regrettable, is in no way surprising when we remember how eager the Europeans were to supply the Indians with intoxicating liquors which simply worked their ruin.

The only one to hold out a helping hand to them was the Church which always endeavored by every possible means to prevent this shameful traffic among her children, even to the extent of visiting with her severest censures any who would presume to supply her Indian neophytes with what could only be their very undoing, as had been amply evidenced in its effects on the once flourishing Sillery mission. Besides the reason just mentioned for the decline of this Algonquin settlement, Mauhault states the ravages of smallpox in 1670 carried off many of the inhabitants.

Thus for the Indians of the Kennebec, all roads now seemed to lead to Sillery where in a short time the days of old were restored by the numerous members of the Abenaquis tribe which gathered around her altars.

But the first apostle of their nation who alone knew their language was no longer there to bid them welcome. Weighted down with the burdens of eighty years, Father Druillettes was still on the mission among the Outanuais but he was soon to retire to Quebec there to end in retirement his long and saintly career. But even while resting from labors which would as Father Lallemant well said, "have destroyed the constitution of a giant," we cannot but suppose that he frequently found his way up to Sillery there to talk in their mother tongue with his beloved children from the Kennebec.

But while his great age necessitated his withdrawal from the field of battle, there were others of his brethren imbued with similar zeal and courage ready to take up the burdens he had so long and faithfully carried. Among the many eminent Jesuits who were at this period within the sheltering walls of Sillery, we would mention in particular the brothers, Vincent and James Bigot from whose letters we may learn much concerning the life of our Abenaquis Indians at this old mission station. Their associations with the exiled Indians of the Kennebec at Sillery afforded them a good preparation for their after career as missionaries on the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers. From a letter written from old St. Michael's Sillery, June 24, 1681 we glean many details of their life. Not so numerous on the start, they soon saw their numbers increase by the arrivals of new bands of ten, fifteen, twenty, and more. The Jesuits gave them lodgings in the deserted Algonquin cabins, fed and taught them to till the soil, but above all else, they taught them the way to heaven. They had them follow instruction for six months or more before admitting them to Baptism which was conferred on them only after their good disposition were well proven. Great difficulties to their conversion were intemperance, plurality of wives, and sorcery. The fact that only they who would conquer these obstacles should enter the kingdom of heaven, was fully impressed on them.

It would be hard to conceive how edifying were the lives of these converts to the Catholic faith. Once baptized they became apostles and teachers, returning to their haunts in Maine, preaching to their parents and friends with an eloquence which soon filled Sillery with fervent Catechumens.

So considerable did their numbers become, that the good Jesuits found it no longer possible to support them on the worn out soil at Sillery, and were consequently obliged to contemplate the foundation of a new settlement. As we learn from a letter of Father Beschefer, their numbers increased so rapidly from day to day, that being no longer able to accommodate them an appeal was made to M.de la Barre, lieutenant-general and M.de Meulle who were kind enough to give them some lands not far from Quebec which they themselves had formerly

occupied. Here close by the falls of the Chaudière on the road to the Kennebec, the new Abenaquis village came into existence under the patronage and name of the great French missionary, St. Francis de Sales. This was in 1684 and the fact of its being on their time trodden way led many others to emigrate to the new mission of St. Francis de Sales there to form in a short time one of the Most Christian Indian colonies in America.

Intercourse between the Kennebec and St. Francis de Sales become more and more frequent, some coming to remain, others for the fulfillment of their religious duties and a renewal in the mysteries of our holy faith. Five years after the foundation of this new mission according to a letter written by M.de Denonville to Mgr. le marquis de Seignelay there were six hundred colonists at St. Francis de Sales, where they had what might be called the model village of their day. On an eminence in the center stood their chapel attended by the Rev. Fathers Bigot and Henri Gassot. About the church were grouped their many cabins, then came their fortificatons, a wood palisade beyond which were their fertile fields in turn protected by the virgin forests.

Thus the Jesuit Fathers while no longer coming to visit the Indians in their primeval haunts, were enabled to gather them like children about them at St. Francis de Sales and at old Sillery where about one hundred remained after the establishing of the new post on the Chaudière. The example of the fervent neophites was not lost on the many who were constantly coming and going especially during the Summer months, and thus the work of conversion went on and that love and respect for our holy faith for which the Abenaquis have been justly famed grew so strong in their hearts that the persecutions of after years found them ready to leave their homes and their country rather than give up their faith.

A few incidents will illustrate the fervor of the Catholic Indians of the Kennebec.

In a letter written by Father James Bigot from Sillery under date of June 4th 1681 we find narrated at length the following edifying example:

There arrived at Sillery on the eve of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross a band of twenty Indians from Maine among whom was one of their leading chiefs. Father Bigot however does not give his name, but mentions that he had a daughter who had been baptized some two years previous under the name of Susanne. With her Baptismal innocence and ointment still fresh, Susanne had returned to her people among whom her zeal knew no bounds. To her home and her friends she had brought the message she had received giving them no rest until they had learned both the truths and the prayers of the Catholic Church. She had now returned with the fruits of her

pious labors. So well had the band been instructed that the good fathers at Sillery judged it proper to make an exception in their case and admit them to the Church at once. "When I notified them for the first time to come to prayer, I told them that, although they were not baptized, I permitted them to enter the Church. They all uttered a joyful exclamation; and I assure you that at that moment I cast my eyes on certain individuals who gave evident proofs of the piety with which they had been inspired. My brother who was delighted to see such holy dispositions in recently-arrived Savages, said the prayers and made all our savages sing as devoutly as they could to inspire the New-comers with great respect for our religion.

The prayer lasted over half an hour. I briefly interrupted it two or three times, and added a few words of instruction which I deemed suited to their capacity. I did not observe a single person turn his head, or rest on the benches or squat upon his knees, as the Savages generally do. When the prayer was ended, they all withdrew to the cabin of a devout Christian woman, where the most fervent of our men began to chant the litanies of the Blessed Virgin. Then they once more began the prayers which they caused the New-comers to repeat without my saying a word to them about it, for they had said it in the church not three-quarters of an hour before." Devotional exercises were held in the church in their homes and even in the fields as they worked. In the instructions frequentation of the sacraments was urged especially frequent confession. In a letter written at Sillery August 28, 1682, Father Bigot tells us that "they display an extreme desire to keep their consciences ever free from sin of every kind. Most of the persons who are somewhat advanced in age confess every week. One of my chief occupations is to hear confessions. I cheerfully take this trouble, when I observe the wonderful effects that it produces in maintaining these Savages in great Innocence. Many confess even two or three times a week, and in truth they do so with sentiments that would put to confusion the most fervent religious."

Most marked was their devotion for Holy Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament. "When they return from working in the fields, they never fail to salute Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, although I have spoken to them about it probably only two or three times. They never work in the morning without first going to Church where they sometimes remain in prayer for over half an hour, while waiting for the first mass, when there are two. And if their work presses before the first is said, when there are two of us, they come and ask me whether I think it right that they should go to work without assisting at the second mass. I can moreover assert that they do all this solely out of respect for matter pertaining to God, for I am

careful not to constrain them on this point, and I frequently oblige them on certain occasions to give preference to work over devotional exercises. When their labors are over, after sunset, they all assemble in the church to pray. But that which surprises all persons who quite often spend the night here, is to see that, after the long prayers that they say in the church, in all the cabins each one begins again to pray before retiring to rest."

Constant religious practices were thus brought into their very lives, their savage instincts were by degrees subjected, and they were taught to love acts of Christian self-denial and heroic resignation not only in the days of health and manly vigor, but also during the afflictions of illness and death. Father Bigot gives us some most striking examples of the close of a few of these saintly lives. He mentions in particular that of little Gabrielle 10 or 11 years of age who actually went out from this life performing constant acts of love for Jesus Christ and of resignation to His Holy Will. "Some time previous to her death, she manifested a great eagerness to receive her first Communion. I granted her this favor. She relished even at that early age, to a degree that astonished me, all that related to God."

There were at Sillery in those early days maidens of maturer years who had long since given themselves to the Lord. One of these was Mary Magdeline. Though about 30 years of age Mary would never consent to marry. "She died," writes Father Bigot in this same letter, "on Whitsunday, after suffering for almost four years in a manner that excited the compassion of all. She suffered with admirable patience and awaited death with surprising calmness and peace of soul." Her constant prayer was that God might prolong her sufferings in order to heighten her merits. "Another, a little Mary Magdalen, who was 9 or 10 years old, also died after suffering exceedingly; and if her pain caused her from time to time to express some slight childish impatience, she at once recovered herself when I spoke to her of God."

Such were the fruits of the heroic labors of the Jesuits at Sillery and St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudière, labors which spread the aroma of God's grace over the wandering children of the Abenaquis race during their sojourn beneath the sheltering walls of the mission stations labors which added many a saintly soul to God's eternal kingdom whose intercession perchance hastened the day of the Jesuit father's return to the fruitful mission fields of the Kennebec.